

VESSELS ASHORE IN RAGING STORM

Crew of Schooner Rescued
After Battle of Life-Savers.

NEW YORK, Feb. 15.—A heavy south-east storm that increased to a gale in the afternoon raised a rough sea outside of Sandy Hook, tore the waters of the bay into ferment, and was responsible for several marine mishaps. A heavy fog, and later a drizzling rain, also made navigation at times extremely difficult.

A schooner was driven ashore on Great South Beach, and her crew rescued by life-savers with difficulty; a cargo steamer, also ashore on South Beach, was abandoned by her crew, and will probably be a total loss.

The big ocean liners, the Cedric and St. Paul, outward bound, returned after getting outside the Hook and finding things too strenuous. The Cunarder Lusitania was in trouble earlier in the day. She grounded for a short time in the Gedney channel. She was run on the mud by her pilot in order to avoid a collision with the tank steamer Deutschland, which was proceeding her down the bay. The liner freed herself in a short time and proceeded on her journey. The tank steamer returned. The Narrows during the day was in a turmoil, and the quarantine boats and revenue cutters had a hard time in boarding incoming vessels.

EITEL IS MOURNER AT THE INVALIDES

German Prince Pays Tribute to Napoleon's Memory.

PARIS, Feb. 15.—The sensation of Paris this week was the visit of Prince Eitel, the second son of the German Emperor, to the tomb of Napoleon. Prince Eitel was returning from the funeral of King Carlos and his son, of Portugal, where he represented Emperor Wilhelm. He spent one morning in Paris, when he took an early drive through the deserted boulevards, seeing the street sweepers and the melancholy dreariness of the morning in the night-drawing city. His personal friend, Count Clary, joined him at a breakfast given in his honor by the German ambassador, Prince Radolin. Afterwards he accompanied the prince on an automobile excursion to the Hotel des Invalides. Count Clary, in describing this visit of the Kaiser's son to the tomb of the conqueror of Prussia, said:

"Prince Eitel is a much bigger man than his father, resembling his famous grandfather, Wilhelm I. He has blue eyes, the fair complexion of his mother, and a frank, good-natured face. When we drove up to des Invalides, we were received by an old French officer crippled in the war of 1870, who did not know the prince. This officer led us into the vault, the chapel where Napoleon lies in a porphyry tomb. Prince Eitel stopped, hat in hand. Then we saw that he was weeping. The old soldier asked who was this German who came to weep over the tomb of French glory. Prince Eitel, who overheard him, said in his bad French: 'I am the son of soldiers standing at the grave of the greatest soldier.'"

INDEPENDENCE LEAGUE TO HOLD BIG MEETING

CHICAGO, Feb. 15.—Chicago is preparing to extend a cordial welcome to the Independence Leaguers who meet here for the big conference on February 22, Washington's birthday.

William Randolph Hearst will make public at that time a number of additional appointments to the national executive committee. Accompanying Mr. Hearst to Chicago will be delegations from Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, New Jersey, and New York; Col. John Temple Graves, of Georgia, and Joseph R. Buchanan, the veteran labor leader of New Jersey; former Attorney General Frank S. Monnett, of Ohio, and others.

YANKEE ROBINSON CRUSOE MAY BE FOUND BY FLEET ON LONELY LITTLE ISLAND

One of Admiral Evans' Ships to Attempt Rescue of Man
With Story to Rival De Foe's Hero.

Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans, commanding the largest fleet of war ships that ever put to sea in a group under one flag, when he reaches Callao, Peru, will receive orders from Washington to detach a vessel from his command and send it in search of Frederick Jeffs, a castaway American sailor, who is believed to be leading the life of a modern Robinson Crusoe on an uninhabited island in the Galapagos group off the coast of Ecuador.

In May last Jeffs was left on the island beach by his shipmates, who had landed there after abandoning the Norwegian bark Alexandra not far from the Galapagos. The sufferings of the lone man have been so acute from hunger and privations for a long time that it was a case of "each man for himself," and as Jeffs was too weak then to continue the journey to the interior, he was left to his fate, whatever that may have been.

All the other members of the ship's company were found and subsequently landed in Guayaquil, Ecuador, where the story of the unfortunate cruise of the Alexandra was told; but never since the story of the lone man was abandoned on the desolate beach of the far off isle has any word been received of him.

Whether his bones are bleaching on the tropical sands, or whether he is living a life of solitary luxury amid bananas and palms and goats, as did De Foe's famous creation, is of course altogether a matter of speculation. However, the United States officials have sufficient confidence in the latter theory to order the expedition to determine the question.

Frederick Jeffs is the son of a clothing merchant in Tacoma, Wash. He has a sister, Mrs. Henry G. Claridge, living in South Norwalk, Conn.

Bark Beached for Months.

The young sailor's troubles, which eventually led to his present isolation, began when he joined the 1,500-ton bark Alexandra, flying the colors of Norway. The vessel sailed on her last voyage from Newcastle, New South Wales, on November 25, 1906, for Paituma, with a crew of twenty-one men, all told. She was commanded by Captain Pettersen, a Norwegian navigator of skill and courage. She carried a cargo of 1,400 tons of coal in her iron hull.

For nearly six months the stanch vessel dragged her course, experiencing calm seas in the tropics, with only occasional breezes that would fill her great spread of canvas and drive her ahead until she was in the neighborhood of the Galapagos, which lie near the equator, between the parallels of 19 and 22 west longitude.

Provisions had run extremely low and dangerously so, and the supply of water had become so brackish that the burning thirst of the men could only be assuaged during the tropical rains, when a sufficient quantity fell to last a few days.

On deck were three ship's pets—a dog and two cats. What fowl had been taken on board at sailing time had long since been devoured. To make three less mouths to feed the trio of ship's mascots were thrown overboard.

Crew Takes to Boats.

On May 8, the 163rd day out from Newcastle, when twenty-five miles off Albemarle Island, on the western edge of the Galapagos group, the Alexandra was abandoned.

There were two boats. Eleven men embarked in one and ten in the other, after dividing the remnant of the depleted stock of provisions. Captain Pettersen knew it was useless to go worse than fatal, to wait for the waves to break back to drift to the islands, although he had hoped she would get into the Humboldt current and take the shore of the Galapagos—a thing that afterward came to pass.

The captain told the mate they would try to make Albemarle Island, which, he said, teemed with wild cattle, originally left there by the Government of Ecuador; also with wild donkeys, sheep and turtles. But the whirling eddies and the capricious off-shore breezes from the isles bothered them. The boats became separated, and only the mate's boat, with eleven men, landed on Albemarle Island.

After the skipper's failure to fetch Albemarle he decided to drift, if possible, upon Charles Island, one of the southernmost of the cluster. In Port Office Bay, on this island, is the most

curious postoffice in the world—a barrel stuck upon a stake in high water—it having been erected there by the British warship Amphion in the early nineties.

Mate's Crew Saved.

Captain Pettersen knew of the isolated postoffice, and was aware that occasionally whalers visited it, and also that a service boat from Ecuador paid periodical calls. It was his purpose to endeavor to make a landing there, mail a letter telling of his predicament, then try to reach Albemarle.

The mate and his companions on the island of Albemarle subsisted principally on wild cattle from May 15 to June 5. A fire was kept burning on Cape Woodruff as a beacon light, and proved their salvation. It was seen one night by the crew of the service boat Cotopaxi, from Ecuador, which put in to ascertain the reason for it. The captain of the Cotopaxi found the mate and his crew dining comfortably on turtle soup and beefsteak. He was persuaded there was little hope that the remaining boat's crew had survived, so put back to the South American coast with the rescued party.

In Guayaquil the mate's story of an abandoned vessel intact, with a profitable cargo, excited the cupidity of the Ecuadorian government, and the Cotopaxi was dispatched to search for the prize. On June 12, just two days after the mate had been landed and told his story, the Alexandra was found pounding on the rocks of Albemarle Island a hopeless wreck.

Captain Found, Jeffs Missing.

Later the Cotopaxi put into Indefatigable Island, attracted by a volume of smoke on a high plateau, and her captain, taking a searching party of eight men clustered around a bore.

They were in an emaciated condition from long suffering in reaching the island, which they had only succeeded in doing a short time before the rescue. Their clothing hung to their thin bodies in tattered rags, and they presented a weird spectacle on the lonely mountainside.

They told the captain of the Cotopaxi that Jeffs, the only member of the ship's company who was an American, had been left on the beach on the other side of the island, too ill and weak to follow his companions inland, and that there was little probability that he had survived. At all events, there is no account of any rigid search having been made for him. These nine men were landed at Guayaquil on November 12 last.

The authentic data at hand regarding this particular island of the group is very meagre, but it is not known that it is inhabited, the accepted belief being that only the island of Chatham, where the Ecuadorian government, which owns the group, has established a penal colony, is peopled.

Capt. Z. L. Tanner, U. S. N., who visited the islands twice in 1901 to investigate their value to the government for coaling purposes, reported that the Indefatigable, on which Jeffs was abandoned, is the most fertile and productive of the group. It has an area of 300 square miles, and tropical fruits, giant turtles and birds in great variety abound there.

ROAD RE-EMPLOYS NAVVIES.

NEWTOWN, Conn., Feb. 15.—The New Haven road will on Monday commence work to finish double tracking the Highland division between Danbury and Hawleyville. Two hundred men will be put to work and the work will take several weeks. The road suspended operations here when a policy of retrenchment was adopted several months ago.

TRAIL OF DEAD TORNADO'S PATH

Trains Tied Up, Lowlands
Flooded and Village
Devasted.

HATTIESBURG, Miss., Feb. 15.—The tornado which swept over Mississippi yesterday leaving a trail of dead bodies and destroyed property, has seriously injured traffic in many portions of the State.

Passenger trains on the Mobile, Jackson and Kansas City railroad have been annulled until the wreckage can be cleared from the tracks. Several washouts are reported.

Leaf river is over its banks, and a rise of three feet is promised by the Weather Bureau, which means that all the low-lying sections of this city will be inundated. Commercial and railroad telegraph wires are down in every direction, and high winds are still blowing.

Fifteen freight cars of the Gulf and Ship Island railroad were derailed as the result of a washout at Lux, twelve miles from here.

The town of Mossville, ten miles from there, was visited by the storm, and the entire village ravaged.

Service, Minden, La., and Laurel, Miss., suffered severely, but a full account of the loss of life is impossible. Passengers on northbound trains say they saw many negro bodies lying on the ground, and it is known that several white people were killed.

SIX COAL BARGES SINK; ALL CREWS RESCUED

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Feb. 15.—Six coal barges in tow of the tug Frederick E. Ives, of the New England Transportation Company, and loaded with 1,500 tons of coal, were sunk off this harbor at 6 o'clock this morning.

Six men, four women, and two children were rescued from the barges with the wind blowing a gale and the seas rolling high. All the rescued were taken aboard the tug and later brought to this city, the majority of them going to New York.

The tug was attempting to get the tow in through the narrow channel between the Sperry Light and the Middle Breakwater and the combination of fog and wind swept the barges and the tug out of the course so that the barges were finally wrecked by crashing into the breakwater, while the tug cut loose and had a narrow escape.

Capt. Edward Coffey, of the tug, stood by and rescued all the persons aboard the barges. All were asleep below decks except the lookouts and several were nearly frozen when taken aboard the tug in night clothing.

The Scott Wrecking Company, of New London, was notified and began work trying to raise the barges this afternoon.

CAPITOL HILL SOCIETY GUESTS OF JOHN BRYSON

The reading of various papers relating to great authors and a general discussion of their work, together with a musical program, were the features of the meeting of the Capitol Hill Literary Society last Monday at the home of John Bryson at 714 Twelfth street northeast.

Mrs. B. F. Hoover read a paper on Longfellow, and Mr. Bryson read a paper on the life and works of Sir Walter Scott. The paper was afterward the subject of discussion by Major Lawrence, G. N. Brown, Prof. Kirk, Captain Hart, and Miss Smith. Mr. Brown also read several poems by James Whitcomb Riley.

THE LIVE WIRE

FOR MARCH

ALL NEWS STANDS

When a tradesman appears in the market-place and sells all his goods before the market is fairly opened, it is pretty clear that he has catered wisely to the public needs. When a new idea in monthly magazine-making is offered to the public and sells out in five days, that also is indisputable evidence that the public has found what it wants.

The Whole Edition of The Live Wire for February

heaped upon the news stands from the Atlantic to the Pacific last month, was exhausted before the news-dealers knew what had happened. Each copy was passed from reader to reader, from family to family, through towns and hamlets, along the highways and throughout the land, and re-orders came from all quarters. In other words, the reading public found what it was looking for, and promptly voiced its praise.

The Live Wire for March

is far and away superior to the February number. It contains 150 colored illustrations, 192 pages of fiction and special articles, a great quantity of poetry, flashes of humor that will make the whole world laugh, scintillating gems of thought, and a homey home-like tone that is good reading from start to finish.

The Human Interest Matter in The Live Wire

is the kind that takes hold of you instantly, the kind that appeals to men and women in every walk of life, the kind that grips you, not harshly, but with that friendly warmth that is true and deep and lasting.

The Live Wire,

in other words, is a live magazine made for the whole nation. Its stories have a sweep and go about them. Its mission is to amuse and entertain. Its path is as wide as the Union. Its future is assured. It has been accepted because it is the right magazine, brought out at the right time at the right price.

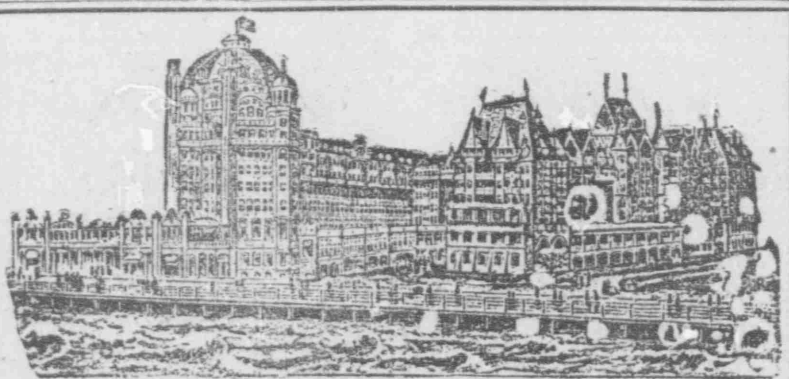
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